

Get One of These Fine Cakes Saturday for 25c

Our Saturday specials are proving the popular week end event and this week we promise to make it the best offer of the season and

SATURDAY ONLY

we offer our regular 35-cent Walnut Pound Cake, only

25c

If you can't visit the store, telephone your order.

INCLUDE AN ORDER FOR A LOAF OF SQUARE DEAL BREAD.

Belgian Bakery

Phone Bell 310. 210 E. Overland St. Auto 1310.

LITTLE LOVE STORIES

No. 5—His Awkwardness By Mabel Herbert Uner

"Of course, dear, you put yourself a bit. If you like the hotel, why we will go there. But I imagine you will find these large hotels very much the same."

"Yes, I suppose so," she answered listlessly.

The waiter came up now, filled their glasses and placed the menu before him. He looked at it a moment, then handed it over to her.

"Perhaps you had better order—"

his voice was strained.

Elizabeth flushed, a deep, painful flush, as she took the card and gave the order. When the waiter had gone she leaned back, her eyes wandering over the brilliantly lighted restaurant.

It was becoming intolerable—this thing between them, this consciousness that he knew—that for weeks he had known—that from the first, even before she had admitted it to herself, with the quick intuition of his love he had known—that she was ashamed of him!

His awkwardness, his ignorance, his inability to act and dress and look like the men around him!

No word had passed between them; in no direct way had either of them referred to it, yet she knew it was never quite out of their minds.

It began with their first week in New York. She had chosen to live at the most exclusive hotel in the city, a place rarely invaded by the western millionaire, and it had come like a blow—the contrast between the men there and her husband.

Her Comparisons.

She fought against the feeling that was aroused in her, she told herself of his sterling worth and manliness. And yet she was constantly comparing him with these men of the world, these clubmen with their air of ease and nonchalance, with the way they walked and stood and lounged about, the countless things that made up their bearing.

Could she have honestly analyzed her feelings, she would have found that she was in love, infatuated, not with any one of these men, but with all of them—with a composite man that embodied them all.

—serve that roast with potatoes—some broiled mushrooms—don't have them too brown. Artichokes sautes and salad—endive salad. Don't serve it with the dressing—I will mix that here. And a quart of chablis—sparkling chablis. And—oh—waiter, don't have that chablis too cold."

She glanced over at the table opposite at the man who had given the order; and then she met her husband's steady gaze. She dropped her eyes, walked and stood and looked at her husband's thoughts? Did he know that she was comparing this man's careless ease in ordering a dinner with his own awkward ignorance?

Apologies Not Accepted.

"I beg your pardon, madam—I am very sorry," he stammered.

The woman flashed him an angry glance and turned away without deigning a reply.

The moment it took to reach their room seemed like an hour. Elizabeth felt that the gaze of every one in the elevator was upon her.

In their own room, still with averted eyes, she drew a chair to the light and picked up a magazine. But her glance remained fixed on one short paragraph.

He made no pretense of reading, but stood at the window looking down at the street below. For a long time he stood there. They had not spoken since they entered.

"I suppose you would rather go to the hotel—now, I will try not to embarrass you there. I may even learn to order a dinner in time."

Then he entered his own room, closed

the door after him. It was the first time either of them had ever put into words and phrase of this thing that had stood between them for so long.

The light burned in his room until long after midnight. In her own darkened room Elizabeth tried in vain to sleep. Tossing restlessly, her thoughts went back over the fourteen months of their marriage.

The first year had been spent on his Montana ranch, and then some mining interests had called him to New York, for only a few days, as he thought. But the days lengthened into weeks and still he was detained.

With a marvelously quick adaptability Elizabeth had acquired the style and air of the New York woman. With an instinct rare in wealthy newcomers, she was never overdressed. She chose the right thing for the first time and wore it with a quiet grace that was beyond criticism.

Her Unspoken Criticism.

But with him it had been different, perhaps because he had never felt need to be anything but himself, and perhaps because he had been too busy and indifferent to think of it. But gradually he had come to feel her unspoken criticism and his self-consciousness became infinitely worse than his previous careless indifference. Now he was constantly trying to please her, and only succeeded in being more conscious, awkward than ever.

And yet lay there in the dark watching the light from his room, there came to her a great longing to blot out these two months in New York. They had been so happy in that year on his ranch, he had glided in his strength and manhood his very crudeness and simplicity she had loved then.

And yet how gentle and tender-hearted he was! She remembered how once he had ridden back three miles to bring her a tiny baby fox, half starved and with a broken leg, that he had found lying by the road.

To all weak things he was as gentle as a woman. The tears came to her eyes as she thought of his quick sympathy and unfeigned generosity, giving lavishly of himself or of his wealth wherever there was need. Every man on the ranch worshipped him. To a wonderful degree he had the power of inspiring their trust and confidence.

And yet lay there in the dark, causing to suffer because man she was not familiar with the French names on a bill of fare, and did not have the social ease and grace of men who had spent their lives in clubs and drawing rooms.

The next morning she did not see him at all; he went to his office early without awakening her. The day dragged painfully. She felt strangely alone and deserted. Even the shops failed to interest her. Once she started to telephone her husband, and then in confusion hung up the receiver. What was there to say?

The Gown is Ruined.

When she came home that evening later than usual she felt that it was purposely to avoid their accustomed chat before dinner. He went immediately into his room to dress.

In half an hour they were seated at their table in the restaurant. They had reached the car when the woman whose dress had been torn last night swept in, and was seated by the head waiter at a table next to theirs. She saw color in her husband's face begin to deepen.

And then—confused and embarrassed by the sudden appearance of this woman—his hand hit against a slender dish of tartar sauce near the edge of the table and sent it splashing to the floor.

In one agonized glance Elizabeth saw the bespattered, ruined gown of the woman and the furious anger in her face. Then she bowed her head, that titillation of her husband. She heard his pitiful attempts at an apology, while the frozen silence of the woman, while the waiter hurriedly removed the broken dish and wiped up the floor.

A scream—shrill, piercing—rang through the room. Another and another—screams of agony and terror! People started to their feet. Through the swinging doors used by the waiters rushed a figure enveloped in flames.

There were screams of "Fire!" and a rush for the doors. Then above the din and confusion rose her husband's voice, clear and stern:

"Stop! There is no fire! If there is, you are perfectly safe—here on the floor. Help me with this girl! Quick! Rugs, coats, something!"

Her Husband the Brave One.

There in a far corner, where he had caught the girl, was her husband—alone, rolling her on the floor, his coat around her.

With something like shame in their faces for their instinctive cowardice, two or three men now rushed to him and helped him with the woman. There were no rugs, and the strips of carpet between the tables were fastened to the polished floors.

Some one tried to pull of a tablecloth with a loud crashing of china, and some one jerked down a lace curtain—these needless, senseless things that people do in such cases.

But it was her husband, unheeding their useless efforts, who was still beating the flames that clung to the girl.

At length he had them smothered. And then, still unmindful of his hands,

Las Cruces and the Mesilla Valley

LAS CRUCES THE LITTLEST TOWN IN NEW MEXICO, AN OFFICIAL DECLARES

Las Cruces, N. M., Sept. 16.—Deputy United States marshal Harry Bloom, who has been here for several days, expresses the greatest surprise at the amount of business done here and the commercial activity displayed. Mr. Bloom, during the past three months, has visited nearly every town in the territory and he says that Las Cruces is ahead of them all.

In comparison with the size, the merchants of Albuquerque fall away behind those of this city in the quantity of business and also in the size of the stocks carried, he declares. In point of the number of people who are to be seen on the streets and trading, Mr. Bloom asserts that there is no comparison between Las Cruces and other New Mexico towns.

With the banks doing as high as \$75,000 average daily general ledger business, showing a steady increase in deposits and receiving several new accounts each day, there can be but one explanation—and that is that Las Cruces is steadily advancing, commerce fairly.

CRUCES MILITIA ON THE RAMPAGE

Because They Were Not Secluded for Maneuvers They Break Windows.

Las Cruces, N. M., Sept. 16.—Wednesday night company A met at the armory and Capt. Dessauer picked the 10 men who were to go to the Cal. These men he kept for drill and dismissed the balance of the company.

Later in the evening a number of these men started out to wreak vengeance because they had not been chosen for the trip, and by midnight they had accomplished several hundred dollars' worth of damage. Five windows in the central school building were broken with rocks, the large plate glass window in the undertaking establishment of F. H. Strong was demolished. E. E. French suffered the breakage of the plate glass in the front of his residence, F. M. Hayner lost two or three windows and Nicholas Galles' buggy was damaged. Besides this, the boys went into the new home of N. C. Frenger, which is almost ready for occupancy, and the vandalism there will cost Mr. Frenger at least \$50. Not satisfied with these acts, the boys emptied the water from all the store tanks in the vicinity of the armory and then went to the Santa Fe station and threw rocks at the Pullman car which had been set out there to convey the company to California, succeeding in breaking one window and marring the woodwork of the car. The porter in charge of the sleeper saw two boys.

Sheriff Felipe Lucero started an investigation yesterday morning and as a result he has five men under surveillance. These will be detained until the matter can be settled to the bottom. Three of the boys are now in the county jail awaiting examination.

CRUCES ORGANIZES LAWN TENNIS CLUB

Twenty Men Form a Club to Compete at the Albuquerque State Fair.

Las Cruces, N. M., Sept. 15.—Twenty tennis players of Las Cruces are today organizing a tennis club, or rather taking the preliminary steps toward such an organization. It is the intention of the organizers to send the best tennis player from Las Cruces to the Albuquerque fair to compete in the tennis singles for the championship of the territory.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE LOSES ITS CRACK CENTER.

Payments Made for Ditch Water—Walls of McFie Building Fall—No One Injured—Personalities.

Las Cruces, N. M., Sept. 16.—J. M. Connelly, who owns ranch property here and farming land near Savannah, Ga., is arranging to leave the Mesilla valley next week with his three children and return to Georgia. He will either rent or sell his land here in order that he can take personal charge of his Georgia farm.

Sid Howard, the center who helped the Agricultural college football team win its victories during the past three years, is unable to play his position this year, on account of injuries received during the Thanksgiving game of last season. His loss will be felt to a considerable extent, but coach Badenoch expects to fill the position with good material out of the large squad, which is now out each night on the athletic field for practice.

Francisco Sanchez is in Chihuahua, Mexico, attending the centennial celebration.

A. B. Castaneda is at Long Beach, Cal., where she expects to remain for two months.

Mrs. A. Jacoby is expected home from California the early part of next month.

D. Williams and family have moved to the ranch at the north end of the Alameda road, which Mr. Williams purchased recently.

The east and the north walls of the burned McFie hall at the Agricultural college collapsed Wednesday, but no one was injured.

Yesterday was the last day in which the payments for water from the Leasburg diversion dam for the months of July and August could be made to the reclamation service. All of the community ditches in the vicinity turned in their checks for the amount due from each. There seems to be but little probability of any water in the river in the immediate future, the Rio Grande being at present absolutely dry.

Mrs. Lydia Hanson has returned to her home in Douglas, Ariz., after a visit of two months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Jacoby, and her sister and brother, Mrs. N. C. Frenger and W. F. Jacoby.

W. W. Weston of Cutter was here yesterday on business before the United States land office. Mr. Weston was formerly an officer of the Victoria Mining and Smelting company, but has just started the business of a land agent.

Henry Churchill was in the mines yesterday from Cutter, filling on a homestead in that vicinity.

The farmers in the American Bend colony, 15 miles north of Las Cruces, have started their fourth cutting of alfalfa, which will make between one-half and three-quarters of a ton to the acre. The cool weather and the lack of sunshine during the past three or four days is retarding the curing of the hay and may result in its being ruined by the rains. This is practically the only section of the valley where four cuttings have been secured this year, two or two and a half.

R. H. Sims, receiver of the local land office, and H. D. Bowman, his predecessor, will leave tomorrow morning by the way of El Paso for St. Joseph, Mo., where they have been subpoenaed to testify relative to certain land matters in Otero county. They expect to be gone a week or 10 days.

SAN MIGUEL RESIDENTS ARGUE OVER DITCH WATER.

Las Cruces, N. M., Sept. 16.—A few days ago at San Miguel trouble arose between Trifido Castillo and F. S. Jones

WHISKY IS TAKEN FROM CRUCES DEPOT

Whole Case Is Carried Away From Freight House; Men Arrested.

Las Cruces, N. M., Sept. 16.—Frank Dodson and Will Crowley were arrested yesterday charged with the theft of a case of whisky from the Santa Fe freight house. The whisky was taken Sunday and yesterday morning Sheriff Felipe Lucero, together with deputy sheriff Pete Gonzales, located the two boys in a house at the northwestern edge of town. They found a number of broken bottles, some of which bore the label of the whisky that had been taken, and later found that several bottles had been given away and several sold for 50 cents a quart.

CRUCES GIRL WINS BIBLE FOR RAISING BAPTIST FUNDS.

Las Cruces, N. M., Sept. 16.—Marion Connelly has been awarded the first prize, a bible, in the contest which has been carried on by the members of the Baptist church. The contest was to determine who would raise the most money towards the church building fund, and was indulged in by nearly all the pupils of the Sunday school of that denomination. Marion secured the sum of \$16 as the result of her work.

GAME OF GOLF, SPORT OF KINGS

(Continued from Page Six.)

war, the "unprofitable" sport flourished and the laws against it were not enforced. Later the objections to golf were religious rather than martial, and a law was passed against the "preparation" of the Sabbath with golf. As men became more liberal the law allowed the golfers to enjoy their game on Sunday afternoons, providing they had attended preaching in the morning. Otherwise they were denied the privilege of playing at all on the Sabbath.

But the banning of the seven-day century golf had lived down its reputation as an "unprofitable" sport, and had ingratiated itself in the heart of even king James VI, who, in 1603, appointed William Mayne to be "during all the days of his life" a lord of golf to his Highness. About this same time there was an act passed by the Scottish parliament prohibiting the importation of Dutch-made golf balls into Scotland. This is one of the first instances of the protective tariff principle being recognized in the English speaking world. In those days the balls were made of wet feathers stuffed into a leather covering, and much skill was required in their making. Later the gutta percha ball made a bid for favor and all sorts of tactics were resorted to in order to prevent its ascendancy.

Many ball makers paid the caddies to gather up all the gutta percha balls they could find. But the gutta percha ball became so strongly entrenched in the favor of the players that those who had hitherto used a basket of feathers and a piece of horsehide in making a ball now changed to making men out of gutta percha. It was in those same times that the game was played by players attired in tall hats, swallowtail coats and knee breeches. Such a costume on the links today would be amusing to say the least.

The Greatest Player.

One of the greatest players in the history of the game was Alexander McKellar, who won the title "cock of the green." He spent his life on Bruntsfield links playing by himself when he could find no opponent. Often he would practice at putting by lamplight, and upon one occasion his golf-hating wife, annoyed by his all-absorbing passion, brought him his dinner and his nightcap. He was too absorbed in his game even to appreciate this delicate satire.

Allen Robertson holds the reputation of being the greatest golfer that ever lived. He never was beaten, and though a professional, had the politeness of a Drumm and the policy of a Tallyrand. For almost a generation his record of a full stroke never was touched. Not long ago Willie Smith, an American, made the rounds on the same links in 71 strokes. The records of the game indicate that although Britain is the home of modern golf, Americans are as well equipped as English players in their mastery of the sport. It would be hard to determine whether the American champion or the British champion has the best of the argument when considering a long period of years.

Tomorrow—Power Boating.

GOVERNOR CAMPBELL NAMES PRISON MEETING DELEGATES

Selects Members of Legislative Investigating Committee to Represent State at Washington.

Austin, Tex., Sept. 16.—Tom Flinty, Jr., of Dallas, and George Waverly Briggs, of San Antonio, newspaper correspondents, were today named by Governor Campbell as delegates to the American prison association and international prison congress sessions, to

over the division of the irrigating water, Mr. Jones being the mayordomo of the ditch over which the trouble arose. Trifido was arrested and fined before the justice of the peace of Mesilla, and he then filed complaint against Jones in justice court here, charging him with assault and battery with a spade. After examining the witnesses for both sides, justice Lopez rendered a verdict of not guilty in favor of the defendant, Mr. Jones, and dismissed the case.

LAS CRUCES SOCIAL AFFAIRS ARE NUMEROUS.

Las Cruces, N. M., Sept. 16.—Mrs. T. C. Campbell entertained at cards Wednesday afternoon at her home on Main street, "500" being the game and six tables playing. Dainty refreshments were served. Mrs. W. A. Sutherland won the first prize, a cut glass dish, and Mrs. C. D. Thompson won the consolation prize, a set of beautiful playing cards.

Company A gave a farewell dance at its armory Wednesday evening, when friends congregated to bid them Goodspeed and wish them luck in the driving contest at the encampment.

Mr. and Mrs. V. B. May entertained a number of their friends at their home in this city Wednesday evening, the occasion being a spring chicken supper.

RUNAWAY AT CRUCES DOES NO DAMAGE.

Las Cruces, N. M., Sept. 16.—What might have developed into a serious runaway with perhaps fatal consequences, was averted yesterday afternoon at the Santa Fe depot. A team of horses. The team, which belonged to a farmer from near Mesilla, started from the lower end of Main street and ran the entire length of the street before it was caught. There were a number of vehicles tied along the street and a survey was coming down directly in the middle. The runaway team missed all the vehicles on the side and then swerved completely around the survey, missing it by only a few inches.

COMPANY A LEAVES CRUCES, FORTY STRONG.

Las Cruces, N. M., Sept. 16.—In charge of Capt. Phil Dessauer, company A of the New Mexico national guard, left Las Cruces last evening for Santa Fe by way of Albuquerque for Atascadero, Cal., for the national encampment. Company A goes with 40 well drilled men.

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Better Send Us Your Meat Orders Saturday



If you do you are certain to get the very finest meats at the very lowest prices. You cannot find better meat or better values anywhere in the city. After you once order your meats from this market you will always come here because we take as much care in giving old customers the finest as we do those who send their first order.

Prime Rib Roast, per lb. 12 1-2c
Sirloin Steak, per lb. 15c
T-Bone Steak, per lb. 15c
Stew Meat, per lb. 6c
Veal Shoulder Roast, per lb. 15c
Veal Stew, per lb. 10c

Poultry Dressed to Order.

Opitz Market

213 N. Stanton St. Bell Phone 136

Prices Of Butter and Eggs Soaring Toward Skyline

Oats Take Another Jump; Alfalfa May Go Higher

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year, when the eggs—only thing to eat—grow dearer and more dear.

Charge it all to bloody Kansas; Kansas will lay it on the hens. There is a strike on in America's foremost industry, the production of eggs. The rich malefactors show no disposition to remove their feet from our necks in the matter of cheaper hens, so there you are, as the poet says. The "common people" are between the horns of a dilemma, a silent, sulking hen roosting on one capital entrenched on the other. Sunflower eggs advanced during the week from 30 to 35 cents per dozen, and ranch eggs, old last week at 45 cents per dozen, have advanced to 50 cents. But, too, has joined the unholy combination, having advanced from 35 to 40 cents per pound.

Fruits.

Mesilla valley peaches. 35c per bkt.
Valley peaches. 35c per bkt.
Fresh figs. 10c per lb.
Watermelons. 15c per bu.
Fresh pineapple. 25c each
Green apples (valley). 10c per lb.
Ripe apples. 10c per lb.
Mission grapes. 10c per lb.
Valley grapes (white). 15c per lb.
Watermelons. 15c per bu.
Cantaloupes. 15c per lb.
Peaches (California). 10c per lb.
California Plums. 15c per lb.
Mexican Aguacates. 3 for 25c

Vegetables.

California red cabbage. 10c per lb.
Sweet potatoes. 5c per lb.
Pumpkins. 5c per bu.
Cauliflower. 15c per lb.
California peas. 10c per lb.
Parasley. 5c per bunch
Rhubarb. 10c per lb.
Green chilis. 10c per lb.
Bell peppers. 15c per lb.
Cucumbers (fancy). 15c per lb.
Radishes. 5c two bunches
Beans, wax and green. 10c per lb.
Beets, valley. 10c per three bunches
Cabbage (valley). 5c per lb.
Carrots. 5c per bunch
Celery. 10c per stalk, 3 for 25c
Eggplants, southern. 15c per lb.
Lettuce. 10c head, 2 for 15c
Onions, green. 12 bunches for 5c
Potatoes. 10c per bu.
Spinach. 5c per lb.
Squashes. 10c per lb.
Tomatoes. 10c per lb.
Turnips. 5c per lb.
Watercress. 75c per bunch
Rising ears. 30c doz
Okra. 10c per lb.

Almonds. 20c per lb.
Brazil nuts. 20c per lb.
Filberts. 20c per lb.
Pecans. 20c per lb.
English Walnuts. 20c per lb.

Butter and Eggs.

Butter, fancy grade. 40c per lb.
Eggs, ranch. 50c per doz

Cheese.

Camembert, 35c imported. 50c per can
Cheese, cream dairy. 25c per lb.
Edam, small. 15c each
Neufchatel. 15c each, 3 for 15c
Pineapple. 45c and 25c each
Roguefort. 60c per lb.
Swiss, imported. 40c per lb.
Limburger. 35c per lb.
Circle Brand. 35c per lb.
Dutch Girl. 40c per can
Brick cheese. 25c per can

Beef.